

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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The A B C Shipyards

BY MATTIE F. SIMMONDS

A WELL-KNOWN whistle below his window brought Robert Roy Brown out of bed with a rush. He answered with that peculiar note which all other whistlers had seemed to escape hearing. He was very proud of that answer.

In a few minutes he had jumped into the clothes demanded by the first morning of spring vacation and tumbled down the stairs.

"Well, Tom!" Thomas Armstrong, junior, grinned out of his freckles and surveyed Bob through his glasses.

"Right-o? Then let's get the rest of us!"

"Looks like rain," said Bob, as the boys started off through the streets to the Carter house.

"Oh, yes — I suppose it will set in before the hour's over," Tom assented. And when Wallace Carter, the biggest of the three, and on that morning the sleepest, had to come out to them, he agreed gloomily.

The three boys were the best of chums. For all the dignity of their names and their positions on the high school nine, they were still "Tommie," "Bobbie," and "Wallie" to their mothers. They had called this early meeting to discuss some way of spending spring vacation.

"You see, it's like this," Bob volunteered, for the seventeenth time, as they settled themselves in the garage back of the Carter home. "None of us is going away. We've used up the remains of our allowances on those baseball suits and bats and gloves and such things. And how are we going to help Hop Lee?"

"Well, of course," said Wallace, "I

suppose we don't have to help him. But when a boy whose folks hate Christians leaves his home and everything to come across the ocean for an education, I think we ought to help all we can. We could get some men to help us, I suppose."

"No, sir," Tom disagreed with him. "We said right at first this would be a secret. Hop Lee wouldn't take charity. If we help him no one must ever know who did it or how. We have to get the money, put it into a draft or something like that, and mail it to him. You're sure he can't get along without it, Bob?"

"Sure as I can be! You see, I heard that faculty woman who came last week to stay at our house talk to mother. She and mother talk things over a lot, and she said she felt so badly about Hop Lee. He'd been working in the old Tea Room on Washington Street, but it burned and now he hasn't any job. She said if he didn't get one in two or three weeks he'd have to quit school. He won't accept charity. And if he quits now you know what it means."

"Can't the college give him a scholarship?" asked practical Tom.

"He already has one. But this Tea Room job gave him board and paid for his room and books. It will be hard for him to find another as paying as that — and he has to have it, for his father won't send him a cent."

"Well, then," Wallace decided, "it's plainly up to us, for I suppose not many folks know it."

"Why, no one does!" Robert Roy spoke with full authority of his name. "You see it's a funny proposition all around. No one knew I was in my room. They came up the stairs, talking, and I heard those few sentences before I realized I was listening to a secret. I wasn't going to tell a soul, but I thought, why couldn't we boys do it? And then, of course, I had to tell you. But it makes it all the harder — since no one can know why we want money."

"And just tell me where we'll get it!" exploded Tom. "It's the worst time on earth for a fellow to try to make money in Ashton. These college and Normal people just swallow every job as fast as it

pokes its eyes above ground! Now, if it was summer, we'd stand a chance for we have our regular places then, caring for yards and gardens — but now, we haven't a ghost of a chance."

"I know," Bob agreed, gloomily. A low roll of thunder answered him.

"There!" Wallace sighed. "If that isn't enough —! You know we can't do a thing if it rains."

"It'll rain, all right," prophesied Tom. He consulted his watch. "Home and breakfast for me. Come over to the basement after you eat, fellows, and we'll see what we can do. Don't give up yet — we'll think of something by and by!"

And Tom was off on the run. Bob followed more slowly, with a wave of the hand to Wallace.

At breakfast none of the boys seemed very much elated — not nearly so much so as the fond mothers expected.

"Why, Bobbie," said motherly Mrs. Brown, "you're not eating half as much as usual. What's the matter?"

"Not hungry," Bob said, wearily. "Going over to Tom's. Say, mother, have lunch a bit early, will you? Or just give me a little bread and butter or something — we fellows might decide to do something this afternoon."

What the last "something" would be, Bob had no idea, but he was going to be prepared.

He put on raincoat and cap and dashed out in the fast-falling shower to run the block to Tom Armstrong's. Down the basement steps two at a time he went, and found his chum's thick glasses bent over a block of wood fast taking shape under his agile fingers.

"What's up?" asked Bob.

"Oh — Eddie's sick this morning and he's so cross mother can't get the work done. I told him if he'd be good for half an hour I'd make him something to play with."

"What is it?" inquired Bob, interested.

Thomas Armstrong, Junior, laughed.

"It was going to be a wooden top, but they're so hard to balance. And so I thought I'd make a submarine. These blocks of wood are just about right for submarines — and we've a lot of them."

"I see," and Bob looked with admiration at the growing toy. "Say, we've got a book full of pictures of all kinds of ships and things at home — it even gives the sizes and everything."

"Real battleships?"

"Sure — coalers, submarines, battleships, destroyers, coast guards, everything. I'd like to try making one if I had the stuff."

"I expect we could find it. — Why, hello, Wallie!"

"Hello!" Wallace came in slowly. "What y'whittling?"

"A submarine for the kid."

Wallace stretched himself at full length on the low bench near the furnace.

"I wish I had a whole fleet of battleships," he said, dispiritedly. "I'd attack Ashton and make it give us a job, so we could get the money for Hop Lee!"

The eyes of Robert Roy Brown began to shine. He looked intently at Tom, and Tom's knife poised in the air as he returned the look. Slowly the wide grin came out on Tom's face. He shifted the knife to the hand that held the submarine, and extended his right hand to meet Bob's.

"What's up now?" asked Wallace suspiciously.

"Can we do it? Can we?" asked Bob, eagerly.

"Sure!" said Tom. "Easy as —"

"Say!" shouted Wallace exasperated. "What do you think this is? Don't act like a picture puzzle! What are you going to do?"

"S—sh!" Bob cautioned. "We're going to build ships — lots and lots of them — and sell them for money for Hop Lee. I've got all the directions."

"Those directions are for big ships," Wallace discouraged.

"Well, can't you cut them down?" asked Tom in disgust. "It's merely a matter of proportion."

"But it's baby work," protested Wallace.

"Baby nothing!" said Bob. "Aren't there great men at the head of all the toy shops? Isn't there a man famous because of the wooden soldiers he carves? And another who makes little faces and figures out of nut shells? And another who does all the building blocks? They're men — and they've made fortunes; I'm going for that book!"

By the time Bob had returned the boys had collected all the queer wooden blocks which made submarines, and a goodly supply of tools. It took a long time to figure out bit by bit the specifications. They decided to make coalers, submarines, destroyers, coast guards, and a few big battleships. So, for each, they began by deciding how long the finished product must be. Then, having the length proportion, they worked out all other dimensions exactly according to specifications, but on a miniature scale.

After that came the collecting of materials — woods, screws, lead, bits of wire and tin, nails. By the early lunch time Bob had requested, a great pile of things had accumulated, but no work had been done. He rushed into the house.

"Lunch ready?" he shouted, nearly knocking over the faculty woman in a dash for the stairs, "Oh — pardon!" and he was up them, three at a time. Mrs. Brown laughed.

"Now I know vacation's here," she said, and the faculty woman smiled and nodded, for she had five brothers at home.

(To be continued)

The Cat and the Captain

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

CHAPTER VI

"BOSS, there's trouble coming," said Susannah as she was clearing away the dinner dishes.

"What makes you think so, Susannah?" asked the Captain politely.

"I done dream a black dream last night," said Susannah, putting down her tray, "and this very morning I done lost my lucky rabbit foot. My hair stands all on end and my knuckles crack. You take my word for it, there's a heap of trouble coming this way."

"Maybe it's a storm," said the Captain and went out to look at the sky. But it seemed very blue.

The Cat, too, went looking for trouble and he was a cat who usually found it. Right across his own lawn what did he see walking, but a big long-haired yellow cat with a bell on his neck that went "ting-ting-ting" with every step he took. He was a very large cat, a very soft-looking cat, and a very foolish-looking cat thought the Captain's cat, getting between him and the gate.

"Grrr" said the Captain's cat taking one step towards him on his tiptoes.

"Grrr" said the other cat.

"Grrrrr" said the Captain's cat, taking another step.

"Grrrrr" said the other cat.

"Grrrrrrr" said the Captain's cat taking still another step and looking him in the eye.

"Grrrrrrr" said the yellow cat.

"M-row" said the Captain's cat standing still and swelling larger and larger and waving his right front paw.

"M-row" said the strange cat, swelling to twice his size and waving his left front paw.

"M-row — meow — meowrow," said the Captain's cat with his ears flat to his neck and a nasty look in his eye.

"M-row — meow — meowrow," said the other cat just as loudly.

Then they both made a sound together louder than any of all the loud sounds they had made before. There were spits in it, and growls, and snarls, and howls, and fireworks, and pinwheels, and screams and screeches. Yet it was all one sound. There was even a ringing of the bell on the yellow cat's collar. The noise was very loud. At the same instant the two cats jumped at each other and rolled over and over. They looked like one animal, all legs and tails and teeth. They bit and they scratched and they kicked. The Captain's cat got his mouth full of yellow fur. He had to spit it out before he could get another bite. He tore the pretty little bell off the yellow cat's ribbon. He got his teeth in his ear. And all the time he was making terrible scary noises, even with his mouth full of fur. The yellow cat wasn't doing as well. He was so beautiful that

he spent most of the day on a silk cushion and had cream for breakfast from a yellow bowl. He wasn't used to fighting.

"Meou" he cried and it sounded like "ouch!"

"Meou" he cried and pushed the Captain's cat and ran away with his ear bleeding and his little bell gone from the ribbon around his neck.

The Captain's cat watched him go and licked a scratch on his nose. Then he looked at the house to see if any one had seen the fight. He was not a good cat. He was proud of his rough ways. Sure enough, there was Susannah's red bandanna bobbing in one window like a big red poppy and the Captain's gray head in another. The Cat was glad they had seen him.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Susannah opening the kitchen door.

In walked the Cat pleasantly. He had been looking for trouble and he had found it. He was satisfied. He was satisfied even with Susannah. Perhaps this was the trouble she thought was coming. Perhaps not. He didn't care. He could take care of any trouble that dared come along! He went to his saucer. There was no milk in it. Then he was not so satisfied. But Susannah was busy and paid no attention to him. She was baking little cakes for tea and making up a song.

"This y'ere black cat is a hard cat to beat, [hummed Susannah]
Yas-sir, yas-sir, jiggamoree—"

The cakes smelled delicious. She put them on the table and began to stir the frosting in a yellow bowl.

"He's the fightingest cat what lives on our street,
Yas-sir, yas-sir, jiggamoree—"

The Cat mewed for milk, but Susannah went on stirring and singing,

"But a one-eyed cat down Alabamy way
Yas-sir, yas-sir, jiggamoree,
Could make him look like a li'l wisp ob hay—
Yas-sir, yas-sir, jiggamoree!"

The Cat didn't like the song at all. But then he never *did* like Susannah's songs. He was glad when the door-bell rang. Out of the kitchen went Susannah tying on a clean apron as she went. Up on his hind legs stood the Cat and one front paw scooped into the bowl of frosting. He liked it. In went the paw again, but at that moment the front door slammed and made him jump. Down came the bowl, frosting and all on top of him, and before he got over the scare of that, in came Susannah running. She gave one look and grabbed the broom. Away went



THE CROW'S NEST

BY
WAITSTILL
HASTINGS
SHARP

Text: Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall teach thee; or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee.—*Job 12:7, 8.*

BY this time, no matter where you live, the season is far enough along for you to be out-of-doors and in the woods. I don't mean that every day in the calendar isn't the right day for a trip into the woods; I only meant that some of you (less lucky than the others but perhaps better observers because you *know* you are less lucky) can't get out until about now.

Carry your woodlore to the woods. All the sights in the most complete zoological garden, the neatest trimmed park, the greenest terraced hillside, the widest rolling golf course, the best-stocked museum — the sights in none of them can compare with a catbird seen slipping through a maze of greenbrier or a che-wink stirring the mould at the base of an oak stump. You will see the kingbird in the orchard tuning up for a crow and you will see the bluebird and robin near the house, but you can be sure that birds are "at ease" in the deep woods; and you can count on life and death dramas in the deep woods.

Besides the sights and sounds of the deep woods you can catch the spirit of the deep woods — the sense of natural wildness. Why, to see a bracket mushroom on a rotting birch stub, or to find a dead ripe puffball in a cinquefoil clearing, or an oak gall on a low branch is to know that few have gone that way — and all of them nature lovers. A nature lover is a nature leaver.

Young people have been "written at" so much about conduct in the deep woods that they may think every nature lover wants them to go into the woods looking like the Sphinx or a great horned owl. Of course wild, ramming, tearing "kids" are to blame for all the "don'ts" — don't make any noise, don't scuff the leaves,

the Cat with Susannah and the broom after him. Across the living room and up the stairs, into the Captain's room (upsetting a chair), across the little hall and to his surprise (seeing the door open), into the spare chamber the Cat tore with Susannah close behind. There was frosting in his eyes but he could see an open

and so on. But there's great fun in cawing back at the foxy crows or even yelling, "So's your old man!" at the brassy blue jays. There's no fun in *always* making two miles an hour, and in "freezing," and in stalking every time you go to the woods and in always blaming yourself (in leather) for breaking twigs which Massasoit could "roll" over in his buckskin moccasin. And it's not always pleasant or healthful to go into the wild wood for an hour atop a stump — unless you live in a climate which doesn't range from 10 below zero to 104 in the shade as ours has been known to in temperate New England.

So you will be in the woods from now on. And I say that sometimes you ought to be in the woods very much as your own self — to dominate the distances and to be master of the echoes, to climb sheer rock faces or shinny up a pine trunk for a good view and a shout of success to let the world know that all things are under your feet.

But there is a time for all things. Spring and Summer should be times for silence in the woods. Why? Because birds are nesting and if you are your own (wild?) natural self in June you will never be able to single out the gray, stringy cup nest of a red-eyed vireo and you will never think it worth while to stalk the brave mother bird on her nest and get the thrill of her steady, fearless eye. You must go observantly if you would see red-ant troops and aphidæ, and go accurately to find salamanders, and quietly to come upon a swarm of bees swaying in a great brown lobe from the tip of a bent pine branch.

You need the woods in June.

The time to whoop at the crows is in th Fall when "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." Then there ought to be a pair of lusty lungs on the crisp smoky air of bracing October. Then you owe the brown leaves a pair of feet to kick them up like corn flakes and give them their last ride before "the cold November rain" lays them down for mould.

The woods need you in October.

But go quietly into the woods in May and June, and while you are in camp. Go quietly for the sake of your friends in fur and feathers who are feeding their babies; go quietly for the sake of your friends in "shorts" and bloomers who are resting or watching or stalking.

Go quietly — for your own sake. You need the woods in June.

window (usually the spare chamber was kept tight as a drum unless Susannah was cleaning it), and through that open window he sailed, just in the nick of time. Down came the broom with a thud, but it only hit the very least and littlest tip of his tail.

(To be continued)



THE BEACON CLUB

THE EDITOR'S POST BOX

Dear Club Members: We have so many interesting letters from all parts of the country that we are taking most of the space in the Cubs' Column, this week, for our correspondents.

THE EDITOR.

325 EAST 12TH AVE.,
DENVER, COLO.

Dear Miss Johnson: I should like to tell the *Beacon* readers how much we enjoyed Mrs. Daisy D. Stephenson when she came to see us a few Sundays ago. As most of the readers of *The Beacon* know, Mrs. Stephenson is an able contributor to our beloved magazine. I always thought authors were stern, strict persons with tales coming out of their heads, but what was my surprise to see a pretty woman with adorable dimples and two eyes just full of joy!

She read us quite a few of her darling poems, some very happy and one very, very sad, as it was about a boy on his way to the dentist's.

We all enjoyed Mrs. Stephenson very much and hope she will come again very soon.

I remain, Your friend,
MURIEL HESS.

1416 REED AVE.,
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Dear Editor: I should like very much to belong to your Club. I read *The Beacon* every week and enjoy it very much, especially the club page. Please send me a button and count me as a member of the club.

I am almost fourteen and am in the tenth grade at school. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and belong to the church also. Both the boys and girls of my age wanted the same teacher and so we made one class of all. Our teacher is Doctor Kenayer, a professor at the State Normal here. Part of our class, and several outsiders, have formed a "Unity Club" and it is very successful. We sang a cantata for Easter. Will someone please write to me? I'll promise an interesting answer.

Yours sincerely,
BETSY DEKEMA.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

125 E 66TH ST.,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Dear Editor: I should like to join the Beacon Club. I am eleven years old and go to All Souls' Unitarian Sunday school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Rice. We get *The Beacon* every Sunday. Everybody in our Sunday school enjoys it.

We are going to Maine this summer. I wonder if any of the boys or girls reading this letter have ever been to Maine. It has lakes and tumbling waterfalls. You can have so many sports there. I hope some child my age will write to me and tell me where she is going this summer.

Yours truly,
PHYLLIS KRON.

1942 CALVERT ST., N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Editor: I have just lately become a member of All Souls' Unitarian Sunday school and I like it very much. My minister's name is Rev. Dr. Pierce and my Sunday-school teacher is Mr. Eliot. Some Sunday afternoons our Sunday-school teacher takes us out in the woods for a hike. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and always look forward to the puzzles. I am fourteen years old and will be fifteen in October. I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button.

Sincerely yours,
RAY HEACOCK.

The New Life

BY MARY KENT

The laughing, nodding daffodils
Are out again,
And as I wander o'er the hills
In springtime rain,
I seem to hear the mingled song
Of sun and dew
That makes again all new life strong
And mankind new.
East Orange, N. J.

PUZZLERS

Enigma

I am composed of 11 letters and am a word often found on this page.

My 2, 3, 5 is a kind of fairy.

My 1, 9, 8 is a kind of bird.

My 4, 6, 10, 11 is a kind of pet.

My 7, 11 are the initials of a boy named Lester Smith.

ELEANOR LITTLE.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

More Twisted Birds

ROBERT HALL. (AGE 8.)

1. Ieudrblb.
2. Rsopwra.
3. Iornb.
4. Vdbnoeri.
5. Rweo.
6. Juyable.
7. Eekedahie.

What am I?

I have a neck, but no head, yet I wear a cap.

RICHARD ELLIOTT.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 31

Enigma.—Come to see us in our new home.

Twisted Birds.—1, Catbird. 2, Brown Thrasher. 3, Downy Woodpecker. 4, Screech owl. 5, Purple Finch. 6, Redstart. 7, Black Duck. 8, Goldfinch. 9, Ovenbird. 10, Chewink. 11, Meadowlark. 12, Yellow warbler.

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